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THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1841.

THE bustle and din of the London season having subsided into a lingering intermittent languor, let us turn our looks and thoughts, and our steps if we can, towards the blue hills and green vallies of the country—what a charm there is in that word, after a nine-months' sojourn amidst the smoke, and gas, and operas, and other equivocal refinements of a metropolitan life—it has a healthy and free sound—it brings the carpet touch of the cool grass under our shoes, and the kindly intrusion of the joyous wind amongst our hair and into our bosoms—we fancy the bowering of trees above us while we write it, and distinctly hear the bubbling of brooks and the voice of the birds in every vowel and consonant we utter in spelling it. You, gentle reader, who haply dwell in common community with these delightful things which, to a Londoner in his brick wilderness, seem but as the poetic traditions of some almost unapproachable region; you will probably smile at all this—and you shall smile if you will—and ye, who walk the quaint orderly streets of the provincial town, or sit meditative in the cottage porches of the far off hamlet, enjoying all the poetry of quiet; ye may be more reprobatory towards us, but ye cannot be severe—each and every of ye, we entreat ye, bear with us, for we are coming into your neighbourhoods; and, if we do not knock personally at your wickets, let us mentally, at least, claim a welcome amongst ye, since our mission is to shew you how you may, possibly, make the air around you sweeter, prolong the summer's green through winter's snow, and render even your own happiness more happy.

We earnestly recommend to the inhabitants of every borough, town, and village, throughout the empire, the establishment of a Choral Society for the more pleasant and profitable employment of the long evenings of the coming autumn, and the cheerless nights of winter; and we call upon all such as are less actively employed at this season, to bethink them of the advantage derivable from such institutions as

they ramble through the harvest fields, and to concert with each other, as they loiter beneath the church elms at twilight, how best to accomplish their right-minded intentions. The vast achievements of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, which have arisen by perseverance out of insignificance, are the best inducements to the effort; and the rapid success of many similar societies in all parts of the country prove that the apparent difficulties they may chance to present, are easily overcome—once let loose the rock-imprisoned spring, and it will find its level in the world of waters, will swell to a rivulet or river, and run purely on for ever. The advantages of such institutions are, we presume, sufficiently obvious; but to the sceptical and uninformed, we would fain awaken the picture of the whole German population—of a people, acknowledged on all hands, the most thinking, happy, and contented in Europe.

There is a softening and amalgamating chemistry in the study of all arts, and in that of Music in particular, whose tendency is to bring the rough and the tender, the rustic and the noble, into mutual congeniality—to create a fraternity of mind more Eden-like than codes can hope to induce, or armies presume to conquer; and such we should like to see the people of this great and enlightened land fully participate—we should like to perceive the mind of the Peasant made smooth as honest, and better employed than in political wrangle; that of the Craftsman prepared and hopeful for its liberal relaxation; the Squire's more satisfied with temperate enjoyment; the Prince's in accordance with the whole—together a common chord of love and harmony, in which every note is justly essential and none preponderant. Such, we verily believe, might be induced, if not accomplished, by an universal study of music; and the establishment of societies on the principle of those to which we have alluded, appears to us to be the first and surest step towards that most desirable end.

Let us not be ranked amongst those who would teach by precept alone—the recent attention that has been drawn to the subject, has educed a variety of simple and easy methods of vocal cultivation; and it is presumed that there is, at this time of day, no locality of five miles without some resident person competent to direct the course of practice, and willing to promote the cause—these we particularly invoke to “the labour of love;” and to all we respectfully offer whatever assistance or information our central position and experience in such matters may enable us to afford. This, at least, we will promise—to such as are disposed to undertake the establishment, or to profit by the enlightening advantages of rural Musical societies—that their endeavours will assuredly meet a tenfold reward—and for ourselves,—that we shall take a most lively interest in their proceedings, and be but too happy in ministering to their success. C.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

BY THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE NO EAR.—

Mistake me not, reader—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking)

handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel “quite unabashed,” and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destinies, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—for music. To say that this heart never melted at the concord of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel. “*Water parted from the sea*” never fails to move it strangely. So does “*In Infancy*.” But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S—, once the blooming Fanny Weatherall of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite for Alice W—n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising “*God save the King*” all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty for music within me. For thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.’s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour—on his return he was pleased to say “*he thought it could not be the maid!*” On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in a somewhat airy and masterly way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts—had swayed the keys to a mood which *Jenny*, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend’s penetration, and not with any view of disparaging *Jenny*.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralippton*.

It is hard to stand alone in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut,) to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter’s hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than Midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—’spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to

solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my Paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful play-house) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that

—Party in a parlour
All silent, and all DAMNED.

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos, or like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—“Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done. So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habituated to such meditations and solitary places, can enjoy no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrasticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else; continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist.”

Something like this “SCENE TURNING” I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nor*—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.*

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim Abbey some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.—*Dr. Watts*.

the young man shall best cleanse his mind) a holy calm pervadeth me—I am for the time

—rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on in his power to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly,”—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invest the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, tricornetted like himself!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant:—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch, or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shews himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith, and restores me to the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess. ELIA.

THE CHORISTERS' NEXT FRIEND.

THIS singular, but honourable, *soubriquet* has been gratefully accorded by the Profession, to a lady who is alike distinguished for her correct taste in Art, and her good feeling towards its disciples—Miss Hackett—whose recent suit against the Dean and Canons of St. Pauls has obtained the restitution of a considerable fund to the uses of the Choir of that Cathedral, which had been for a long series of years misappropriated by the Chapter. The suit was instituted by Miss Hackett, for the Choristers, under the legal appellation of “their next Friend;” and was carried on at the sole risk and cost of this estimable lady.

Miss Hackett is the present proprietor of the fine old city mansion, Crosby Hall; which, during the last five or six years, has been rescued from the desecration and ruin into which it had fallen; and has been renovated and restored to its ancient substantial though quaint elegance, under the direction of her very correct judgment, and at a very liberal expense. The lady resides in Crosby Hall, which is tastefully furnished *en suite*; and we are informed she has invited the whole of the members of the Musical Antiquarian Society, six hundred and twenty in number, to a Madrigal entertainment, on Wednesday, the 4th of August, requesting each to bring their copies of the Society's last publication, “Wilbye's Madrigals,” which have just been delivered. The dining-hall of the mansion is extremely well-calculated for such an assembly; and Miss Hackett is entitled to all praise for the example thus set, of reviving the musical hospitalities of the sixteenth century, under a roof so hallowed by memories of the good olden time.

MUSIC OF THE CHURCH.

Music has in all ages been made use of by the church in the worship of the Most High, but the ultra-protestant feeling which has undervalued all outward

observances, has produced a neglect of this means of enlivening the devotion and elevating the affections of Christians. In former times church music was studied and practised by ecclesiastics, of whose education it formed a branch; now, unhappily, it is but too little understood by the clergy, who generally either leave the entire direction of this department of divine service to the organist, or parish clerk, or village choir, or sadly mismanage it themselves. Much mischief has been done in this respect by the low church party, who having imbibed a taste for "sweet hymns," have banished the ancient music of the church, and have substituted for it the worthless tunes to which the said "sweet hymns" are generally sung. Some clergymen of this description prohibit chanting, being of opinion that it is not devotional; others object to voluntaries before and after service, although this is a practice of long standing in the church of England; and we have heard of a clergyman being exceedingly angry because the organist of his church, an accomplished musician, played Handel's sublime Hallelujah chorus as a concluding voluntary, alleging that it was a "*jig tune!*" The evils which have been produced by such a state of things are incalculable, but it is satisfactory to reflect that an improvement appears to be gradually taking place; much, however, remains to be done, and we trust that a few suggestions on the subject will not be thought inappropriate. Although some good cannot fail to result from the efforts now making to impart musical knowledge to the children belonging to the national and other schools, these efforts must necessarily prove in a great measure abortive, unless the clergy lead the way by themselves obtaining a competent knowledge of music. We do not mean to say that they ought all to be practical musicians, but we do mean to say that they should at least cultivate a taste for the classical music of the church of England, and obtain such an acquaintance with it as to be enabled to regulate the performance of chanting and psalmody in their churches. We have just observed, that in former times music was extensively studied by the clergy, and we would add that architecture was also well understood by many of them, of which we have abundant evidence in the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of this country, which were principally, if not entirely, designed by ecclesiastics. Now, it is worthy of remark, that whilst the study of ecclesiastical architecture has of late years been revived among the clergy, nothing has yet been done to revive the study of music. Societies exist both in Oxford and Cambridge for promoting a knowledge of church architecture; why should not societies be also formed in those venerable seats of learning for promoting a knowledge of church music?

RAFFAEL AND MOZART,

A PARALLEL.

(Translated from the German of G. Rochlitz, of Leipzig.)

As in our whole existence, there depends so much on the respective physical and moral constitution of those to whom we owe that existence, it is remarkable, that both Raffael and Mozart descended from very *handsome parents*. And as with regard to a certain situation in life or to *what*, and in *what manner* we apply our faculties, there depends so much on the occupation of those whose care and influence give our spirit and mind its direction and support, it must be observed, that Raffael's father was a Painter, and Mozart's a Musician. Both those fathers honoured and loved their art; both pursued it zealously, and perfectly understood the true principles of it; both also, though they did not possess a high genius, or anything more than ordinary and well-cultivated nature, still knew how to teach others, and consequently also their sons, the rules of their art. And that is sufficient. For genius may be compared to a fertile ground, which, when properly tilled, manured, and sown, cannot fail yielding a plentiful crop, so long as no extraordinary causes prevent it.

Raffael zealously, and with simplicity of heart, copied the pictures of his father,

and those of Pietro Perugino; Mozart practised the strictly regular pieces of his father, and the uniform works of most of the esteemed German composers of his time.

Two great men had begun to diffuse a new spirit over the age in which these two youths lived, and to exercise over their respective art a powerful, and almost arbitrary dominion. Exalted, but mysterious; bold, but without a tender taste; mighty, but without gentleness; were the spirit and the works of those great men. Michael Angelo, and Sebastian Bach, are their names, between whom perhaps not only a resemblance might be traced, but a continued parallel might be drawn. Raffael became acquainted with Angelo's, and Mozart with Bach's works; and both were so enraptured, that the one abandoned his former manner of painting, and the other his former manner of composing.

But the obscure and deliberate style of those two great masters was irreconcilable to the juvenile fire of our two young artists; and though they tried to adopt it, both of them, particularly Mozart, became harsh, extraneous, quaint, and confused. They made several attempts in this style, but without giving it a finish, and in most instances without even completing the works they began. Proofs of both may still be found, in Raffael's altar-piece of the church of the Santo Spirito at Sienna, and in some concertos, as well as several masses by Mozart, which he composed while yet at Saltsburg.

However, the beneficent and milder light of a finer taste now began to rise in the era of both our young artists. For though they did not shun the gloomy sanctuary of those two oracles, and, on the contrary, still valued and studied their works to acquire a true knowledge of their art, they introduced the intricacies of that art more sparingly and with better judgment; they followed the impulse of their heart, studied effect, and tried more to raise our spirit through a noble and sweet simplicity, than to overload it with the mazes of misapplied learning. And now they began to please, when before they had only surprised; they conquered more by beguiling than by assaulting the ears of their hearers. The age then had the choice between the dictating Minerva and the milder Apollo; they decided in favour of the latter, and now most of the artists also laid the laurel at his feet. Leonardo da Vinci, and his party, at the time stood foremost among those painters; and Hasse, with some Italians, among whom also there was a Leonardo — Leonardo Leo.

The majority of painters, at the time of young Raffael, and the majority of musicians, at the time of young Mozart, now eagerly and almost exclusively imitated these new patterns; but they themselves did otherwise. They were too deeply impressed with the original spirit of former times, and felt themselves strong enough to act according to its impulse. They also did justice to the charms of the new period, and made use of what is natural, true, fine, and charming in its style. And now arose in both of them, that independent original genius, that heavenly gift, which, not merely like a growing child, gradually increased in strength, but which like a man, nourished by substantial aliments, and strengthened by beneficent, animating cordials, presented itself in them with all the energy of perfect maturity; and they themselves were now, in the principal points, arrived at the meridian of their art. Nothing more therefore could be wanting for both, but an *opportunity* to employ their extraordinary talents to advantage; and such a patronage as would procure them an easy and encouraging existence. And these they found. Raffael the former, in the Vatican, and the latter, principally in the Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; and Mozart, both the former and latter, in the journeys of his happy, unsettled, independent life of an artist.

And how do both of them now appear in their works? which is the true characteristic, the predominant, distinct quality of them? It is *invention*! Here the resemblance between the genius of our two artists is so striking, that I may be permitted to enter upon a closer contemplation of them.

Invention is either *poetical* or *artistic*. Poetical invention shews what a work of art shall be; artistic invention, the means by which it is to obtain its intended nature and qualities. The former is the idea of the work; the latter the manner of expressing that idea. All *invention* exclusively belongs to genius; but the *execution* of an invention to talent, which will be examined in the sequel. The

poetical genius suggests not only the principal idea, but also the most favourable moment, and the leading features, which are requisite for substantiating that idea; the *artistic* genius finds the most successful expression of it within the limits of that art in which it acts; it regulates and treats every part of the whole, not merely so, as a true representation and expression of the idea requires, but particularly so as to beautify the subject of representation, and to heighten the expression of it.

These two qualities are united in a true artist; and nevertheless he may not yet be able to produce his conceived work of art. This requires divers accomplishments which he ought to learn, viz., the use of the pencil in a painter, the art of speech in a poet, the treatment of an instrument in a musician, and so forth. This is what I call *execution*. It is no more a property of genius, but of talent and experience. It is, like talent in general, the perfection and facility of successfully representing the said poetical and artistical invention to our senses. Without this ability, genius would know how to produce much, but not produce anything, at least nothing but rhapsodical, fragmentary sketches. Without genius, our talent would be able to produce much, and yet produce nothing, at least nothing, perhaps, but imitations of genuine works of art, the manners of others, and copies of common nature. A talent may be exercised, and genius be rendered more acute—the former as execution, and the latter as ability: in this manner both are improved; but the former in quantity, and the latter in quality.

Now both the said spirit of an art, and the execution of it, ought to be united in a perfect artist; however, if one might be admitted to rank before the other, it must unquestionably be the former before the latter,—the genius before the talent—the gift of Heaven before an earthly acquisition. This, I presume, is the meaning of Lessing, when he says, *Raffaël* would have been the greatest painter, even if unfortunately he had been born without hands. And in like manner it might be said, that *Mozart* would have been the greatest composer, even if he had never written a note.

But let us return to our subject, though, indeed, we are in the midst of it! for *invention*, richness—inexhaustible richness, success, invariable success in invention, poetical and artistical, are exactly the first characteristic of *Raffaël* and *Mozart*; and certainly are the means by which they have arrived at their eminence. In both of them we always find choice, noble, fine ideas; in the former a world of living figures, and in the latter a world of living musical thoughts, each of which is speaking, interesting, and appropriate in itself, and equally important in its connexion with the whole. All may be compared to the different limbs of a body, and to beautiful limbs of a beautiful body; all are judiciously arranged, so that nothing which can interest in itself, and add to the effect of the whole, remains unobserved; and even none of those limbs are disproportional or incorrect. However, the latter must be understood only of *Mozart's* finished works of his mature age, and not of his juvenile ones, or of those where circumstances sometimes obliged him, either to write in too great a haste, or to make his art stoop to meaner comprehensions, and to the arbitrary whims of the times.

Raffaël, though he was great, and felt that greatness himself, still incessantly studied his art, and without self-sufficiency, indefatigably endeavoured to raise it and himself to a higher degree of perfection; and so *Mozart*. If this were not related in history, the least attentive chronological examination of both their works would prove it. *Raffaël* lived in his art alone, and found in it all the enjoyment he was desirous of. Even in his hours of recreation he drew light, but very expressive sketches; and *Mozart* did the same, as can be proved by many pieces which are published among his other works. *Raffaël* was obliged, by men and circumstances, to execute, in the latter period of his life, several grand, but more delightful and charming works than it was his usual fancy; yet though he drew the history of *Psyche* and *Galatea*, according to the ideas of those who ordered them, he executed them so, that throughout, the great and profound artist was discoverable; and the same *Mozart* did with his *Magic Flute*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and some lesser productions.

But both *Raffaël* and *Mozart* had their little imperfections, like other human beings. Their works, therefore, have not in *all* respects arrived at the highest

degree of excellence. And where is there to be found a mortal who could perform *all* that his immortal spirit conceives, feels, and intends? Both of them seem now and then less successful in what we have called *execution*, but which ought not to be confounded with what is commonly understood by treating a thought or subject. Raffael was not very strong in perspective; his colouring is not always good, it contains black shades and red flesh, and sometimes his pencil is hard. The same is the case with Mozart. Several of his full compositions are overcharged, his modulations not unfrequently *bizarre*, his abrupt changes of the key often harsh; he seldom writes plaintively without some single traits of secret grief, which it is not easy to describe in words, but easily may be felt. He seldom writes tenderly, without some painful sighs. As far as in this respect Raffael ranks behind the soft Correggio, and the charming Titian, Mozart ranks behind the Italians of the middle age, and even behind *some* that are still living.

The uncommon *diversity* in the works of both our artists, and this not only with regard to contents, but also to treatment, (though in all of them we find the above characteristics,) must create astonishment; and it would, like the *number* of them, be almost incredible, reckoning the short life of those masters, and their having indulged themselves in divers excesses, if it were not known how both of them lived solely and entirely for their art; how they commenced their distinguished career so early; and how their spirit was unconcerned about everything which they did not find in a great measure connected with their principal object. Anything else they despatched quickly, and often carelessly; their principal concern only engaged their whole, eager, and persevering attention. It is very remarkable that, notwithstanding the incessant pressing of their spirit from one subject to another, the crowded succession of new works, and the inviting advantages of new engagements, neither Raffael nor Mozart (in their riper years) offered to the world any work done only superficially, and carelessly finished. Both of them worked with despatch, but without over-hurrying themselves; and this is visible in all the original scores of Mozart, in which he has most carefully expressed, in *every part*, all that is material, even every *piano* and *forte*. And wherever we meet in their works with deviations from what has been considered as established rules, it is done with good reason, either on account of the imperfection of the rule, or as a proof in which cases a small deficiency in one respect may answer greater purposes of a more important nature.

Another beautiful feature in the character of both artists I cannot leave unnoticed, though it is generally known,—viz., that both of them did justice to all other merit. For Raffael always testified the most lively regard for the works of his master, Pietro Perugino, and of his patron Bramante, though he exceeded them so much. Out of respect for the former, he even preserved the ceiling, painted by him in the third chamber of Signatura; he openly expressed his regard for the mighty braving rival, Michael Angelo; and even supported the respectable Giulio Romano, who exceeded his master in fire. And so also was Mozart. His conduct towards Joseph Haydn, his defending Jomelli, his veneration for Sebastian Bach, and Handel, his supporting and aiding respectable young artists, are too well known to require particulars.

In this manner our two artists made use of their short but crowded life, and both felt, towards the age of thirty-five, a decline of their bodily strength, whilst their mental powers still increased their noble exertion, and thereby speeded the evil. Both felt the chilling hand of death, which already seized them, and tried still to raise themselves a monument for posterity. Both chose the *Transfiguration*—Raffael that of the Redeemer, Mozart that of the Redeemed. With the zeal of those who already perceive themselves attended by the shades of death, and who feel that they perform their last work, both of them exerted themselves to the utmost, and produced, as it were, the quintessence of their most sacred feelings. Both these transfigurations transfigured our artists themselves. The work of Raffael became the first of new painting, and that of Mozart the first of new religious music; though in both of them many good judges find the effect of some of the parts a little too dark.

In finishing those works, both Raffael and Mozart died, and both in the thirty-seventh year of their age.

GOETHE'S OPINION OF MUSIC.

THE poet Goethe was well informed in music, as may be inferred from the following extract from one of his favourite works. He composed many very graceful and original melodies, remarkable for their simplicity. Zelter, the composer, was an intimate friend of Goethe, and set most of that poet's shorter lyrics to music—some may be found in the publication of Ewer, called "Arion."

"To poetical rhythm the musical artist opposes measure of tone and movement of tone; but here the mastery of music over poesy soon shews itself; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still, for the musician, few syllables are decidedly short or long; at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythmmer; nay, change prose itself into song, from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves; and the poet would soon feel himself annihilated, if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence; and now by the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in his mind. The musician, when composing, must cultivate his inmost being, shrouded in himself, that so he may turn it outwards; the sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward world to the outward."

 REVIEW.

A Guide to Practice on the Pianoforte. By J. F. Burrowes. The Author, (wholesale.) Chappell, New Bond Street.

THIS work is an exceedingly good one for the purpose for which it is intended, that is, as a guide to practice putting down in regular order—the manner in which the keys should be struck—the particular manner in which certain passages should be practised—what should be practised by the pupil, and the length of time during which such practice should last. In the Preface is the following:—"It may be said that every instructor is the best judge, and gives his own directions, as to what and how his pupil shall practise; to a certain extent this is true; but upon the principle that everybody's business is nobody's business, it may frequently be left undone; besides, if it be done, a master cannot constantly repeat the same thing, and pupils do sometimes forget."

The whole of this is perfectly true, more especially the latter part; pupils do sometimes forget, and then say that their masters never told them. By leaving them such a book as the present with which to refresh their memories, there is some slight chance of their recollecting that which has been said to them. The only objection we have to the book is its price, which is 2s. 6d.; this for a duodecimo book of forty-eight pages is rather too much: we think a shilling, or at the most, eighteen pence, would fully remunerate the author for time and trouble, and repay *with interest* the money laid out in printing, paper, and binding.

Mrs. Macdonald. A Favorite Scotch Air; with an Introduction, and Brilliant Variations for the Pianoforte. By Charles Czerny. Op. 633. D'Almaine and Co.

The Introduction is tolerably easy and brilliant, and has not too much meaning in it. The variations will make a very good show, at comparatively small cost of

trouble in the execution of them. They are very good practice; all the passages lie well under, and are calculated to form the hand. We recommend it to our readers as an exercise for their fingers, not their heads or their taste.

Caller Herring. A Favorite Scotch Air; with an Introduction and Variations, for the Pianoforte. Charles Czerny. Op. 634. D'Almaine and Co.

This is very much of the same pattern as the last; it is equally good practice, and equally nothing else. There is rather a long *Finale à l'Ecossaise*, (as it is called, though for what reason it is so called we are quite at a loss to imagine, for anything less Scotchy we never heard.) In addition to the major 7th of the scale, which is frequently used, the augmented 4th of the scale occurs in the accompaniment; these when united in the same piece, are quite enough to destroy any idea of Scotch character in the music, even had such previously existed.

Rondeau Elegant; for the Pianoforte. On the favorite Air, "Steep the Goblet." Charles Czerny. Op. 628. D'Almaine and Co.

The subject of this Rondo we believe is exceedingly well-known. In the Rondo itself we do not see anything remarkably elegant, nor can we imagine in what its elegance consists, unless it be in the chromatic appoggiature, which from the profusion with which the Italians lard their pieces with them, we suppose they at least consider elegancies; we do not. This Rondo is very good practice for the left hand, from the very awkwardness of the position of the chords in the bass. It is much more difficult to play than it looks. Is not the word *Opera*, used to all these pieces, rather too pompous? We should even say that the word is not correctly used, as these things must be *play* not *work* to M. Czerny.

Grand Fantasia, et Finale à la Militaire; composés pour le Piano, sur Deux Melodies de F. Schubert. Par Henri Herz. Op. 115. D'Almaine and Co.

This, like almost everything which is written by M. Herz, is admirable practice, it contains almost every variety of passage; a better exercise, as a mere exercise, we have rarely seen. Do not let it be imagined that we are now speaking of the merits of the music itself; as a composition, the most we can say in its favour is to say nothing about it.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Metropolitan.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

On Friday evening, Mr. Wilson the vocalist, delivered a lecture on the airs and ballads of Scotland, at the Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings. The Lecturer, besides relating many particulars of the musicians and poets who have left such enduring legacies to Scotland, illustrated his discourse by singing several national songs of the Highlands, with a spirit and native feeling which is without a rival—in the present depression of the lyric drama, Mr. Wilson might establish a path for himself in the musical doings of London, by confining himself exclusively to the delivery of the national ditties of his country, by which he might attain an eminence which we fear the stage is not likely to afford him.

CONCERTS D'ÉTÉ.

These performances recommenced at Drury Lane Theatre, on Monday evening; and a more numerous or fashionable audience could hardly have been anticipated or desired. The pit is again floored over, and with the stage is entirely re-carpeted—the orchestre and the stage are embellished in the most tasteful style, and a profusion of the choicest flowers and plants, mingled with mirrors, draperies, and statues, afford a charm for every sense, and present a *coup d'œil* of the most graceful and attractive character.

Whether or not, this species of concert is likely to advance the "cause of Music," is a question we shall not now pause to discuss; though we may state, generally, that we are disposed to believe and hope, that any step tending to bring the Art more familiarly amongst us, must eventually prove beneficial—nor would it be fair to judge, by the highest standard of criticism, an entertainment, designed, less to banquet the real music-loving "few," than as a lure for the idler and the truant, who, as every day's experience amongst the big and little pupils of the world's school shews us, are particularly open to the seductions of the picture book and the sugar plum, and are far more tractable under such influences than the old-fashioned *terrorem* of the schoolmaster can ever make them—so long, therefore, as we find nothing positively poisonous, and some little that may prove nutrimental in what is administered, we are bound to acknowledge the speculation a fair one, and to recommend it to public patronage accordingly.

Mr. Eliason has catered unsparingly for his patrons, having in addition to the favourite performers of last season, engaged several new soloists from the Continent, and some native artists of distinguished merit, who have not hitherto assisted at these performances. The whole forming a most efficient and powerful orchestre, under the field-marshalship of M. Jullien. The programme of Monday was a strong one—containing the overtures to "Guillaume Tell" and "Der Freischütz," and Beethoven's C minor symphony—each extremely well rendered, excepting that the Time of the several movements was taken considerably above par. It was delightful to perceive the rivetted attention with which these classical works were received, and though evidently but little understood, especially the symphony, yet the earnestness of the crowded audience during their performance proved a desire to be better informed, which is the happiest presage of the future. The quadrilles and waltzes were of the usual quality, and in compliment to the solo passages of Messrs. Koenig, Barret, Lazarus, Richardson, Champion, Prospere, Dantonet, C. Blagrove, &c., were greatly relished and applauded. But M. Jullien must yield the palm to Musard, whose arrangements, however trifling the subject, are always artistically perfect. M. Jullien seems quite content when he can startle and astound, and, it must be owned, he achieves his purpose. Of the new solo-players, M. Bauller from the *Academie Royale* at Paris, is a Piccolo flutist of lark-like shrillness and up-soaring agility; and M. Jancourt from the *Opera Comique*, is a performer on the bassoon transcending all competitors. His tone is not powerful, but marvellously sweet, and his execution clear, and rapid, and brilliant!—yes, brilliant even upon the bassoon—in short, he is an executive wonder, and affords a convincing proof that the capabilities of wind instruments are yet to be developed.

SIGNOR SALABERT'S CONCERT.

This performance took place yesterday afternoon in the concert room of her Majesty's Theatre, and attracted a fair sprinkling of the last of the fashionable world still lingering round its centre—the Opera-house. Signor Salabert is the copyist and librarian of the establishment, and by his assiduity and ability has won the good-will of the artists, the whole of whom, both principals and chorus lent him their services on the present occasion. The programme presented nothing novel, but the performance received, as it merited, considerable applause. This will probably be the last benefit concert of the season.

Foreign.

ST. PETERSBURG.

The *Requiem* of M. Berlioz was recently performed here with extraordinary success. M. Henri Romberg, first violin of the orchestra of the German Theatre, claims the merit of having introduced this much talked of work to the Russian public, and the performance of it under his direction fully equalled the expectations which had been raised of it on report. It was executed by a very numerous band, consisting of all the principal instrumentalists of the Capital, together with the artists of the two great theatres, and the singers of the Imperial Chapel. M. Henri Romberg is entitled to great praise for the perseverance and ability with which he attended to the two months' rehearsals required for the study and comprehension of this very difficult composition, which with its requisite four brass bands and other novel details, at first seemed an almost unaccomplishable effort; but eventually produced the most complete effect. Everybody is in raptures with the *Requiem*, and M. Berlioz seems likely to become the founder of a new school of music amongst the art-thawed aspiring *dilettanti* of the city of the Czar.

BERLIN.

The forty mountaineers of the Pyrenees, who have been so successfully received in most of the principal cities of Germany, have just left this place on their route to St. Petersburg. These children of the mountain, after performing several times before the King, both here and at Potsdam, and having produced a remarkable sensation at the Grand Opera, were retained by Prince Albert for a fête given at his palace, when their Majesties and the whole of the court, together with the ex-King of Holland and his consort, were present. The concert took place in the gardens of the palace, where the royal party were assembled under superb marquees, and the mountain choristers were highly applauded for their several performances, and dismissed with the most flattering marks of favour.

COPENHAGEN.

M. Liszt arrived here yesterday, (July 15,) and is to perform at the royal palace this day, by express command of his Majesty, who has issued invitations to a large number of the noblesse on the occasion.

Provincial.

* * This department of the "MUSICAL WORLD" is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. We are, therefore, not responsible for any matter or opinion it may contain.—Ed. M. W.

MANCHESTER.

On Thursday evening, the Directors of the Choral Society gave their annual entertainment to the members of the choir and a select party, in their room in the Royal Institution. The occasion was rendered more interesting than usual, by the presence of Mr. H. R. Bishop, as well as by the admission of ladies to the gallery, immediately after supper. A more delightful *soirée musicale* is altogether inconceivable. Mr. Wainwright Bellhouse presided.

After supper *Non nobis Domine* was sung, and the following toasts proposed in succession with appropriate preparatory remarks from the chairman. "The Queen"—National Anthem; "Prince Albert and the Princess Royal;" "The Queen Dowager and the rest of the royal family"—Glee, "Flora gave us fairest flowers," *Wilbye*, 1598; "The Choral Society,"—"Music spread thy voice around," from *Solomon*;" "The Choir"—responded to in a neat speech by Mr. William Barlow—followed by "Oh the pleasures of the plain," from *Acis and Galatea*; "H. R. Bishop, Esq."—"Bright Orb"—Bishop. [In the course of an exceedingly chaste and appropriate speech, Mr. Bishop

took occasion to remark that he had never heard choruses executed so well as on that occasion. And in speaking of Prince Albert, he said that, from personal knowledge, he could pronounce his royal highness as accomplished a musician as any in the country. He wished the prince had heard the chorusses that evening, for if he had, he, Mr. B., was certain he would have been delighted—at any rate, he hoped he would hear of them. Mr. Bishop was most enthusiastically cheered, both on rising and on resuming his seat.] “The Chairman”—proposed by Mr. Bishop. “The Visitors”—“*Haste Thee Nymph*”—Acis and Galatea. “Mr. William Wilkinson, the conductor”—“*Now by Day’s Retiring Lamp*”—Bishop. “Mr. R. D. Jones, the Honorary Secretary”—Glee, “*Life’s a Bumper*.” “Mr. D. Bellhouse, and the Musical Committee.” “The Vice-Presidents”—“*Down in a Flowery Vale*,” Festa, 1541. “Mr. Jeremiah Royle, the treasurer.”—Here the proceedings of a most delightful evening terminated.

Miscellaneous.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The original “sixty first-rate” professional speculators have re-assembled under the flag of M. Laurent, for the re-opening of the Lyceum, on the 30th of September, on the “sliding scale” of Music and salary—that is—to give good Music if they can, but to give anything that will produce full salaries. The said “sixty” have subscribed fifty pounds as a bait to M. Musard, who is thus to be hooked into the office of Conductor, with the stipulation that a similar sum be vested in the hands of a Paris banker, weekly in advance, throughout the season. We are sorry to learn this—if the “sixty” are disposed to sport with fifty pounds, we could shew them fifty better and wiser ways of procedure—there are men of five times M. Musard’s talent who would cheerfully join their countrymen in any healthful enterprise, and share the responsibility. “But M. Musard is a popular attraction,” say the “sixty,”—to which we reply that the “sixty” could, and therefore ought, to teach the Public better.

OPERAS IN THE PROVINCES.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin, late Miss Inverarity, have arrived in this country from America, and, with Messrs. Frazer and Stretton, are about to make an operatical tour through the principal theatrical towns, commencing at Birmingham early in the ensuing month.

THE PIANOFORTE.—Father Wood, an English monk, made the first pianoforte of which we have any account, in 1711. After the arrival of Bach in England, and the establishment of his concert in conjunction with Abel, all the harpsichord makers tried their mechanical powers at pianofortes; but the first attempts were always on the large size, till Zumpe, a German, constructed small pianofortes, of the shape of the virginal, of which the tone was very sweet, and the touch, with a little use, was equal to any degree of rapidity. These, from their low prices, the convenience of their form, as well as power of expression, suddenly grew into such favour, that there was scarcely a house in the kingdom where a keyed instrument ever had admission but was supplied with one of Zumpe’s pianofortes, for which there was nearly as great a demand in France as in England. In short, he could not make them fast enough to gratify the public fondness for them. Pohlman, whose instruments were very inferior in tone, fabricated a great number for such as Zumpe was unable to supply. From this period, the pianoforte has constantly been improving, until it has attained its present complete state.

TURKISH MUSICAL GUSTO.—A modern traveller informs us that the band of an English ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the sultan and his court. At the conclusion he was asked which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favourite air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness instantly exclaimed, “*Inshallah!*” heaven be praised, that is it!

THE GRASSHOPPER.—Plutarch tells us, that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, a string of his lyre broke; when a grasshopper immediately perched on the bridge, and, by its voice, supplied the loss of the string and saved the fame of the musician. The Athenians kept them in cages, for the sake of their song, and called them the nightingales of the nymphs. As in the case of birds, the males only sing; hence Xenarchus used to ascribe their happiness to their having silent wives.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Italian Opera—this Evening, Saturday, and Tuesday.

Concerts d'Été at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane—every Evening.

Promenades Musicales at the Surrey Zoological Gardens—this Evening, Monday, and Tuesday.

Operas at the Surrey Theatre—every night.

WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"Love seeking a Lodging"—J. Blockley. "The Happy Dream of Youth"—G. Linley. "A Lover's Vow"—P. Cianchettini. "Yes, I will leave"—P. Cianchettini. "Lines to a Beauty"—P. Cianchettini. "Dr. Watts's Songs"—E. J. Loder. "Select Psalmody"—E. J. Loder. "Bonnie Maiden"—E. J. Loder. "Cavatina from 'La Phitre'"—arranged for harp and piano—N. C. Bochsa. "Les Trois Sœurs"—Nos. 1, 2, 3—Henri Herz. "Home, sweet Home"—variations for guitar—C. Eulenstein. "Irish Air"—variations for harp—T. Labarre. "She is thine"—variations for harp—T. Labarre. "Fra tanti angoscie"—variations for harp—T. Labarre. "Swiss Air"—variations for harp—T. Labarre. "Grand Duo, from 'Guillaume Tell'"—harp and piano—T. Labarre. Grand Duo, brilliant, from 'L'Élisire d'Amore"—pour piano—Henri Herz. "Dermot Astore"—ballad—F. N. Crouch. "The Flag that Braved"—E. J. Loder. "Four Grand Fantasias on National Airs"—No. 1, English; No. 2, Scotch; No. 3, Irish; No. 4, Welch—C. Czerny. "La Jeunesse Musicale"—Nos. 1, 2, 3—C. Czerny. "Brilliant Fantasia"—W. H. Holmes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to numerous applications and complaints from our provincial friends, it is respectfully stated that the "MUSICAL WORLD" is published EVERY THURSDAY, AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, so that London readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and country Subscribers will receive their copies by the same evening's post, or through their respective agents in the district where they reside.

The terms of subscription for stamped copies, which ensures the most punctual delivery, are—sixteen shillings per annum, or four shillings per quarter, paid in advance. Parties requiring a single number may receive it promptly per post, by enclosing a four-penny piece in their order, *post paid*, to the office of the Journal in London.

Correspondents are requested to observe, that all letters for the Editor, Works for Review, &c., must henceforth be sent, post and carriage free, to the care of Mr. H. Cunningham, at the MUSICAL WORLD OFFICE, No. 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. Many delays and disappointments having occurred through their being addressed to the former publishers. It is also necessary to notice, that communications received after Tuesday cannot be available for the current week's number.

"Mr. Chappell" is thanked for his prompt compliance with our petition.

"Sphinx." For many reasons we must decline the enclosure—the large circulation it has already had, is enough—not that we would screen the individual or any other charlatan, but that we would spare our readers.

"P." We look wistfully into the letter-box every Tuesday at sunset.

"John." A letter has been waiting for him, at the office, this fortnight—his answer is wanted immediately.

"Mr. Jewson's" letter is received, and will be noticed next week.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		
Henselt's Works, No. 7, Un Moment de Recreation, Impromptu in C minor, as piano duet	- Wessel	Jansa, L.—Duet No. 2, for violin and pianoforte, on Themes from Il Pirata Gabussi.—Overture to Clemenza di Valois - Chappell
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Les Delices de Schubert, Melodies gracieuses for cornet-à-pistons and piano. No. 1, Cooling Zephyrs, arranged by I. E. Hammers	- Ditto	Rimbault, E. F.—Airs from La Favorite, book 1 - Ditto
Ditto Ditto, for tenor and piano, by Urhan	- Ditto	
Ditto Ditto, for clarinet and piano, by I. E. Hammers	- Ditto	
Philomèle.—Collection of Songs with guitar accompaniment. No. 53, Si tu m'amais -	- Ditto	
		HARP AND PIANO.
		Larivière, E.—Duet on Airs from Norma - Ditto
		VOCAL.
		Meves, A.—Shall I sing you the song - Ditto
		Lee, A.—The Mariner loves o'er the Waters to roam, Duet - Ditto
		Lee, A.—The Fat Single Gentleman, Comic - Ditto

A YOUTH, aged 18, who has served five years in the Musical Profession, (particularly to the study of the Pianoforte) wishes to place himself for two years with a Professor, to complete his studies, and to whom his present knowledge may be an acquisition. Address, Mr. Ward, at Mr. Lavenau's Music Warehouse, 28, New Bond-street, London.

WANTED for a Cathedral, a young man possessing a deep, mellow Bass voice, with a competent knowledge of Music. For particulars, apply to Mr. Perkins, Organist, Wells, Somerset.

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